

NEW, POETICAL
TOASTS and SENTIMENTS.

May beautiful Parallels distances keep,
To give Perpendiculars way.

May Britons be friends, and forget and forgive,
And at Faction—each turn up his nose.

Here's to those, who, like us, Affectations deny;
Not Spendthrifts of life, nor like Misers would die.

May Friendship fill the manly breast,
And Gratitude be Beauty's guest.

I'll give my toast—the Grand Alliance—
Friendship, Freedom, Wine, and Love.

May Merit meet always with Friendship's embrace
And each in the other be lost.

Here's a bumper, my boys—May we still find
the way

To speak what we know, and know what we say.

May Greatness and Goodness, as partners agree,
And our sons, like ourselves, social sing—"We
are free!"

Here's their healths, who to Wine & their Words
will be just:

Here's the Girl that we love, and the Friend we
can trust.

May we ever preserve honest men, tho' they're
few—

Export all the rest, and give Satan his due.

My toast is to Bacchus, the god of the vine;
The engineer's artist, to spring Beauty's mine.

By Liberty blest'd, with the pleasure to please,
May we live all the days of our life.

May none from Wine an inconvenience feel;
But he, who cannot walk, in safety reel.

